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CHOICE SELECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

DESIGNED TO AID IN THE

DEVOTIONS

OF

PRAYER, CONFERENCE,

AND

CAMP-MEETINGS.

"Let the inhabitants of the rock sing."

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HYMNS.

HYMN 1. P. M.

The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
And makes the dead revive.

2. O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3. The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4. The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind;

Who will them all receive;
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve. [Lord,

5 Come, brethren dear, who now the
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7. But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry. [sing.

8, 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and
And make the upper regions ring
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9. Amen, Amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,

And claim my mansion there ;
Now here s my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 2. P. M.

Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do ; [slain,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

2. Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain ;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3. Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4. Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load ,
Alas ! I read and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5. The saints I heard with rapture tell

How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler s snare :.
But when I found his truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6. While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz reth pass'd that way,
I felt his | itv n ove.
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7. To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise ;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 3. P. M.

Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home to stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
'Till I a better world do view ,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends farewell.

2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals. care or bliss,
I leave you here and travel on
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,

To you I'm bound in cords of love :
et we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above,
Farewell, &c.

4. Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be gi.'n.
Farewell, &c.

5. Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view,
Fight on, fight on, fight on.
The crown shall soon be given.

6. Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn and find salvation near,
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 4. P. M.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray.
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;

For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3. With my burden I begin,
Lord ! remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4. Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5. As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto mine heart appear.
Print thine own resemblance there.

6. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7. Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Arise and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come ;
Thy glorious conqu'ring king is near,
To take his exiles home.
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the sky,
To set poor sinners free ;

The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.

2. Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh;
Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood,
While every star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.

3. Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come;
Their final doom to hear:
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel with his silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

4. The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er,
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more;
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

5. Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one;
Hold up your hands with courage bold,
Your race is almost run.

Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling bid you come,
While angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.

6. To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu,
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loath to let him go;
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

7. Oh Christians are you ready now
To cross the narrow flood?
On Canaan s happy shore behold
And see a smiling God!
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

8. Go on, my brethren, in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there, [ground,
Though you've to travel the enchanted
Hold out, and do not fear,
Fight on, fight on, ye conqu'ring souls,
The land keep still in view!
And when you reach fair Canaan's shore,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 6. C. M.

What poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze ?

2. Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3. Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd,

4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5. But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze ?
Why, that s the way their Leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

6. Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7. What ! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

HYMN 7. L. M.

What various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat,
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there. [draw,

2. Pray'r makes the darkest clouds with,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread
Success was found on Israel's side; [wide;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5. Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6. Were half the time that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN 8. C. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!

When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2. Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold,
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3. Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been,
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4. If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence. [grace,

5. Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6. Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7. My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there. [years,

8. When we've been there ten thousand
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Then when we first begun.

HYMN 9. P. M.

As near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
  Where a poor victim hangs,
His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
  Gasping in dying pangs.

2. Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd, who can this victim be,
  In such exquisite pain ?
Why thus consigned to woes, I cried,
"'Tis I," the bleeding God replied,
  "To save a world from sin."

3. A God for rebel mortal dies ;
How can it be ? my soul replies,
  What ! Jesus die for me ?
"Yes," saith the suff'ring son of God,
"I give my life, I spill my blood,
  For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4. Lord, since thy life thou'st freely giv'n
To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
  And bless me with thy love,
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
  To reign with thee above.

HYMN 10. P. M.

This world is all a fleeting show,
  For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven.

2. Poor wanderers of a stormy day
From wave to wave are driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way--
There's nothing calm but heaven.

3, And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues at even,
And genius' bud, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven.

4. And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven ?
For sorow's sigh and trouble's tear
Have never found a refuge here—
There's nothing kind but heaven.

5. In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven ;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace,—
There's nothing good but heaven.

6. From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They'er wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

HYMN 11. P. M.

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mournful wanderers given,

There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above in heaven.

2. There is a soft, a downy bed
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

3. There is a home for weeping souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and oceans roll,
And all is drear but heaven.

4. There faith lifts up a tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

5. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom;
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

6. Where all the saints immortal sing,
And crowns of joy are given,
While all the harpers cheerful bring
Their noblest songs to Christ their King,
When swallow'd up in heaven.

HYMN 12. P. M.

Jesus, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love;
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2. Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been,
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3. May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

HYMN 13. P. M.

Dark and thorny is the desert [way
Through which pilgrims make their
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day;
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2. O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?

Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine press trod alone.

3. He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll ;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole ;
Ronnd him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4. There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest ;
Love and joy and peace forever,
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransomed dwell on high ?
There on golden harps, forever
Sound redeemption through the sky.

5. There's a million flaming seraphs
Who fly across the heav'nly plain,
There they sing immortal praises,
Glory, glory is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

6. O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore,
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 14. L. M.

Sweet is the mem'ry of the dead,
While sleeping on his dusty bed,
His body sleeps in silence, where
No glimm'ring sun can enter there.

2. O ye, who heard his voice below,
And wonder'd why he labor'd so,
Why he should preach till he was spent,
And then give up without consent.

3. Daughters of Zion, now draw near,
And hear his dying speech with fear—
"Have I done all? have I got through,
And finish'd what I had to do?

4. Another life could I live o'er,
And range the world from shore to shore,
I'd wear this mortal body down,
To gain a never fading crown."

5. I saw this faithful herald fall,
I saw him burst the prison wall,
And trac'd him when he took his flight,
To dwell among the saints in light.

6. I saw him round the city wall;

I heard the mighty angel call,
"Come in," cried he, "the war is o'er,"
And then I saw his face no more.

HYMN 15. P. M.

Come and taste along with me
The weary pilgrim's consolation;
Boundless mercy running free,
The earnest of complete salvation.
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd,
The fullness of his power I prove,
And all my soul's dissolved in love,
Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
Love is boundless as the ocean.

2. When the world and flesh would rise,
And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
Strangers slight, or foes despise,
I then more highly prize his favor.
Friends, believe me, when I tell,
If Christ is present, all is well.
The world and flesh in vain would rise,
I all their efforts do despise;
In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ sweet consolation.

3. When I'm in the house of prayer,
I find him in the congregation;
Music sweet unto my ear
Is the sound of free salvation.
My heart exults, my spirits flow,
I love my God and brethren so;

I join and sing, and shout aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd,
Glorious theme of exultation,
Jesus Christ is my salvation!
4. Worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I slight their carnal pleasure;
All in this that gives me pain,
Is, they slight a noble treasure.
But among them, bless the Lord,
There's some that tremble at his word,
And this doth joy to me impart,
To think the Lord has reach'd their heart,
O the praise to God be given,
Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.
5. Why should I regard the frowns [me?
Of those who mock, deride and slight
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me.
Toil and pain and suff'rings o'er,
I'll gain the blissful happy shore;
And with the shining host above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love,
Pleasures there beyond expression,
Ever flow in sweet succession.

PART SECOND.

6. When I hear the pleasing sound
Of weeping mourners just converted,
The dead's alive, the lost is found,
The Lord has heal'd the broken hearted,
When I join to sing his praise,

My heart in holy raptures rise;
I view Immanuel's land afar,
I shout and wish my spirit there.
Glory, honor, and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.

7. Mourners, see your Saviour stand,
With arms extended to receive you;
See! he spreads his bleeding hands,
Come, venture on him, he'll relieve you,
Cast all your doubts and fears, aside,
The door of mercy's open wide,
The fountain flows that saves from sin,
Come, now believe, and enter in;
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour,
Now believe, and live forever.

8. Sinners, you may mock and scorn,
Your moments lost will be lamented;
That awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented;
Death, in its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold,
Your pleasures then will take their flight.
And down you'll sink to endless night.
While you're of that guilty number,
Your damnation doth not slumber.

9. Come, poor sinners, go with me,
My heart's enlarg'd to receive you;
Slight not mercy offer'd free.
Venture on him, he'll relieve you;
But if you offer'd grace refuse,

And still the way of folly choose,
Unhappy souls, your guilt and blood
Will rest on your defenceless heads;
Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow,
May be your's before to-morrow.

HYMN 16. P. M.

While shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few:
Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2. When Adam the first in rebellion was found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground;
Now Adam the second appears to retrieve
The loss you sustain'd by the devil and Eve,
Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit the Saviour and see where he lies.

3. A token I leave you whereby you may find
This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind;
A manger his cradle, a stall his abode.
The oxen are near him beholding your Lord.
Then shepherds be humble, be meek and be low,
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so.

4. This wondrous story scarce blow'd on the ear,
When thousands of angels in glory appear;
They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God and good will toward men.
Then shepherds strike in, join your voice to the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosannah, the adoring shepherds now cried,
Hosannah, the angels in glory replied;
Salvation through Jesus to mortals made known,
In glory to God through the birth of his Son.
Now shepherds adieu, we commend you to God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6. To Bethlehem's city the shepherds repair'd,

For full confirmation of what they had heard:
They enter'd the stable with aspects so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child.
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That Jews and the Gentiles may hear of the Lord.

HYMN 17. L. M.

There is a school on earth begun,
Halle hallelujah,
Supported by the holy One;
Glory, O hallelujah,
He calls his pupils for to prove
Halle hallelujah,
The greatness of redeeming love,
Sing glory, O hallelujah

2. Then come my friends where'er you be,
Say will you go to school with me;
Christ Jesus is my master's name,
Come deaf & dumb, come blind and lame

3. Our school-books are the scriptures true,
Our lessons are forever new;
The scholars too are all agreed,
It is a blessed school indeed.

4. My master learns the blind to see,
Then come ye blind, the school is free;
My master learns the lame to walk,
He also learns the dumb to talk.

5. My master learns the deaf to hear,
Then come ye deaf and lend an ear
Unto my masters pleasant voice,
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

6. He learns the swearing man to pray,

Then come profane, without delay,
He'll change your tongue to speak his
name,
And spread abroad a Saviour's fame.

7. Come brethren dear, who are at school,
Attention pay to every rule,
'Tis best for those that mind their book;
Who have all carnal joys forsook.

8. Our mortal frames must shortly die,
Then we shall lay our school-books by;
We'll reign with master Jesus then,
Glory to God, Glory, Amen.

HYMN 18. P. M.

Adieu! my dear brethren, adieu!
Reluctant I give you my hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on mount Zion shall stand,
My heart swells with tender regret,
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2. Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight I remove.
While roving the wilds of the west,
When through foreign regions I steer
Still friendship, inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3. Our labors will shortly subside,

For vigor and life must decay,
And wisdom and truth shall abide,
To pilot our souls on the way.
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4. Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in Paradise blest.
Sweet comforting spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentation to praise.

5. O may we conform to HIS will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfil,
Till Jesus shall sign our release,
Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conquerer greet.

HYMN 19. P. M.

Hearken ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones,
Pause in your mirth, adversity consider, [ful,
Learn from a friend's pen truths that are most pain-
A sick-bed reflection.

2. Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,
Fondly my heart said joy shall last forever,
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,
But by permission.

3. Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness thrown upon a death-bed;
Vain is its softness to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

4. Kindest attention of my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician,
All skill is baffled, while distress and anguish
Torture my whole frame.

5. Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruitless,
Changing my place does not abate my fever;
Here, like a reptile on a bed of embers,
Tortur'd I languish.

6. Hopes of recov'ry my fond heart indulg'd,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly inform'd me that my case was desp'rate,
Death was approaching.

7. Wonders on wonders to my view now open,
Life is receding: to the grave I'm hast'ning;
Am I prepar'd? This dreadful moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8. Twenty-five years I've spent without consid'ring
Man was a mortal, dependant on a moment,
Life but a shadow—time a flying arrow
Quick to dispel it.

9. Oft have I listen'd while death bells were tolling,
Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,
But for myself, was, spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

10. Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,
In my gay moments thoughts of death I've banish'd.
When grown grey headed, I have oft resolv'd
Death to prepare for.

11. Time in advance to me seem'd moving slowly,
Days without numbering I propos'd for pleasure,
But they are blasted! now behold the end of
Procrastination.

12 Tortur'd in body—not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,
All is disorder! yet my state eternal
Now is depending.

13. Now, ghastly death, pray stop one moment long-
Till I give warning to my gay companions [er,
No time is granted for expostulation,
Shun my example.

HYMN 20. P. M.

Sirs, we would see Jesus,
The blessed Prince of love;
He only can relieve us,
And all our doubts remove.
O tell us as a preacher,
Where Jesus Christ doth dwell,
Describe his charming features,
His glowing beauties tell.

2. Sirs, we would see Jesus,
The sinner's constant friend,
We know he won't deceive us,
But love us to the end.
His blessed word assures us,
His blessed word shall stand,
His mighty arm secures us,
From all the hostile band.

3. Sirs, we would see Jesus,
The glorious King of grace,
A sight of him would ease us,
And fill our souls with peace.
We would behold his beauties,
And run into his arms,
And learn the christian duties,
Amidst these blissful charms.

4. Sirs, we would see Jesus,
As Prophet, Priest and King;

We hope he will receive us,
Though we are poor and mean:
For in the holy scriptures,
This blessed truth we find,
He loves the humble christian,
The meek and lowly mind.

5. Sirs, we would see Jesus,
And at his feet adore;
His ways, although all glorious,
We humbly would implore.
Ah! tell us where to find him,
And how we may him know,
Where does the rose of Sharon,
The spotless lily grow.

6. Sirs, we would see Jesus,
And harken to his voice,
Ah! this would greatly please us,
And make our hearts rejoice;
That sound is so transporting,
It ends the sinner's strife,
That sound is so supporting,
It brings the dead to life.

HYMN 21. P. M.

Come, my brethren let us try
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by,
Come and let us reason.

2. What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,

Speaking may relieve you.

3. Christ at times by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me,
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.

4. Troubled like the restless seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagu'd with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

5. Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.

6. View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

7. Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

8. Jesus rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory,
See what glory shines around,
Hallelujah, glory!

9. Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.

0. Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven,
There we'll join the saints above,
And forever praise him.

HYMN 22. P. M.

Come, my christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command,
Lay aside all party spirit,
Slight your christian friends no more,
Come, unite through Jesus' merit,
Zion's peace again restore.

2. We'll not bind our brother's conscience;
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.
Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove;
Christ's the centre of our union,
And the bond is christian love.

3. Here's my hand, my heart and spirit,
Now in fellowship I'll give;
Now we love and peace inherit,
Shew the world how christians live;
Now we'er one in Christ our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free,
Christ is all in all forever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

4. Now we'll preach and pray together,

Praise, give thanks, and shout and sing,
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heaveniy King,
Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord ;
Lord, confirm our christian union,
By thy spirit and thy word.

5. Now the world will be constrained
To believe in Christ our King ;
Thousads, thousands be converted,
Round the earth his praisess ring;
Happy day ! O joyful hour,
Thank the Lord, his name we'll bless;
Send thy name, my Lord, with power,
Fill the world with righteonsuess.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Hark ! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers,
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers !

2. Their horses white, their armours bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

3. It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier for to be !
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.

4. We want no cowards in our bands,
That will our colours fly ;

We call for valiant hearted men
That's not afraid to die.

5. To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.

6. They follow their great Captain,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

7. The trumpets sound, the armies shout
They drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The great Immanuel!

8. Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

9. There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all array'd in white,
And our Redeemer know.

10. We'll shout and sing forevermore,
In that eternal world,
While satan with his army too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

11. Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.

12. In fiery Chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire;
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 24. L. M.

Lift up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And glory be to God on high,
And I'll sing hallelujah,
There's glory beaming thro' the sky.

2. Our conflicts here, tho' great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch and strive and pray,
Like soldiers, in the good old way.

3. O good old way! how sweet thou art,
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4. Tho' Satan may his powers employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing and shout and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6. Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,

Remember glory's at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away.
When we have run the good old way.

7. Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who ve gone before
And shout to think we've gained the day,
By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 25. P. M.

Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering thro' this lonely vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah, O hallelujah,
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah, O hallelujah.

2. Pilgrim thou hast justly called me,
Passing through a waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a guide,
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3. Such a guide? no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4. Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;

He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound &c.

5. Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale,
Should its deadly wave roll o er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound &c.

6. No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound &c.

7. While I gazed with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight,
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd with light.
O, I'm bound, &c.

8. Cease my heart this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom:
Soon my spirit, fluttering, dying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 26. P. M.

Brethren, see my Jesus coming,
See him come in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd.

2. I will arise and go and meet him,

And embrace him in my arms;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O there is ten thousand charms.

3. Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guard me thro' the gloom;
Down he'll send some heavenly consort
To convey my spirit home.

4. Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow me
While my Savior's by my side;
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

5. See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.

6. See, they whisper! hark! they call me;
Sister spirit come away!
Lo, I come, earth can't contain me;
Hail ye realms of endless day.

7. Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky;
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

8. Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that brightest, sweetest grace.

9. Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours!
Seraphs lend your glittering wings;

Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
  Heavenly sounds around me ring.

10. Worlds above are bright and glorious,
  All beneath is dark and void;
Conquest gained, I'll shout victorious,
  In the praises of my God.

11. Smiling angels now surround me,
  Troops resplendent fill the skies,
Glory shining all around me,
  While my towering spirit flies.

12. Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
  Now methinks appears in my view;
Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
  You would love and serve him too.

HYMN 27. P. M.

When I set out for glory,
  I left the world behind,
Determined for a city,
  That's out of sight to find.
And to glory I will go,
And to glory I will go, I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

2. I left my worldly honor,
  I left my worldly fame
I left my young companions,
  And with them, my good name.
And to glory I will go &c.

3. Some said I'd better tarry,

They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying !
But that was all my theme.
And to glory I will go, &c.

4. Come all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry,
All you that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.
And to begging I will go,
And to begging I will go, I'll go, I'll go,
And to begging I will go.

5. The Lord he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed,
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.
And to begging I will go &c.

6. I do not beg for riches,
Nor to be dressed fine ;
The garment that he'll give me,
The sun it will outshine.
And to begging I will go, &c

7. I'm not ashamed to beg,
While here on earth I stay,
I'm not asham'd to watch,
I'm not ashamed to pray,
And to begging I will go, &c.

8. The richest man I ever saw,
Was one that begged the most,

His soul was filled with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.
And to begging I will go, &c.

9. And now we are encouraged,
Come, let us travel on
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.
And to glory I will go &c.

HYMN 28. P. M.

Saw ye my Savior! saw ye my Savior!
Saw ye my Savior God?
O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2, He was extended, he was extended,
So painfully nail'd to the cross;
There he bow d his head and died,
There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3. Jesus hung bleeding. Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain,
And the solid rocks we e rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4. Darkness prevail'd, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
And the sun refus d to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

5. When it was finish'd, when it was fin-
And the atonement was made, [ish'd
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6. Hail mighty Savior, hail mighty sav-
Prince and the author of peace, [ior,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7. There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."

8. "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 29. P. M.

See th' eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2. Hear the sinner now lamenting
At the sight of fiercer pain,
Cries and tears he now is venting,

But he weeps and cries in vain;
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3. Yonder sits my slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love!
O! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his spirit move!
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.

4. All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5. There I see my godly neighbors;
Who were once despis'd by me;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting, my sad fate to see;
Farewell neighbours—
Dismal gulph! I'm bound for thee.

6. Hail ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains!
Christ has now denounc'd my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pains;
Down I'm rolling,
Never to return again.

7. Now experience plainly shows me,
Hell is not a fabled thing,
Now I see my friends in glory,

Round the throne they ever sing;
I'm tormented
With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 30. P. M.

Don't you see my Jesus coming?
Don't you see, in yonder cloud?
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd?

2. Don't you see his arms extended?
Don't you hear his charming voice?
Each loving heart beats high for glory,
Oh! my Jesus is my choice.

3. Don't you see the saints ascending?
Hear them shouting through the air!
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.

4. Don't you see the heavens open?
And the saints in glory there;
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory here! [him,

5. Come backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd
And have caus'd his Church to mourn,
Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

6. Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.

7. There we'll range the fields of pleasure,

By our dear Redeemer's side,
Shoating glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide.

HYMN 31. P. M.

Now the truth is gaining ground,
By the testimony,
Weighty testimony sound,
Sweeter than the honey ;
Humble souls begin to see
Into the heavenly mystery ;
And they hold and preach and sing,
Christ the great salvation,
Let their testimony ring
Through the whole creation.

2. Now the rich eternal world,
Like the powerful leaven,
Opens to the saints of God,
Mysteries of heaven ;
In this opening they behold
Things most clearly, new and old,
And the opening life within,
Moves the proclamation,
Let the testimony ring,
Through the whole creation.

3. Faithful souls, who watch and pray
Overcome temptation,
And the light of gospel day
Gives them revelation ;

And the revelations give
Food which keeps there souls alive ;
And they live, and rise and sing
Hearty adoration ;
Let the testimony ring
Through the whole creation.

4. Now the dragon is afraid
He shall lose dominion ;
Now he's calling to his aid
Every false opinion ;
Hypocrites and sinners too,
Help compose his army now,
And he's plac'd his servants round,
Some in every nation ;
Hear their vile reproaches sound
Through the whole creation.

5. But the lovely prince of peace,
Sometimes called Michael,
With a band of humble saints,
Gives the dragon battle,
And the only weapon used,
Is the spirit's word of truth ;
And with this they cut and sing
In their proper station ;
Let their testimony ring
Through the whole creation.

6. In the battle thus engag'd
In this age reviving,

Though the dragon is enrag'd,
  Saints will overcome him,
By the blood of Christ the Lamb,
Testifying in his name;
Thus they'll take the ground and sing
  Christ the great salvation;
Let the testimony ring
  Through the whole creation.

7. Hearken, poor, half-hearted souls
  Shunning self-denial;
While the testimony calls,
  Do not fear the trial;
While you see this ardent strife,
Never strive to save your life;
Now give up to Christ as King,
  He's the great salvation;
Let the testimony ring
  Through the whole creation.

8. Now if any want to know
  How to join the army
Under Jesus, and will go
  Against the prince of darkness,—
Wicked self must be denied,
Strive to mortify your pride,
And let Jesus be your King,
  And your whole salvation;
Let this testimony ring
  Through the whole creation.

HYMN 32. P. M.

1. NOW happy, how loving, how joyful I feel,
I want to feel more love, yea more love and zeal;
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience I well may endure.

2. I want to be little more meek and more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child;
More watchful, more prayerful, more lowly in mind,
More thankful, more gentle, more loving and kind.

3. I want to have wisdom that comes from above,
I want my heart filled with the purest of love:
I want my faith stronger, my anchor-hope sure,
And like a good soldier all hardships endure.

4. I want to be stripped of all human pride,
All malice and anger I would lay aside;
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,
And live, my dear Savior, live only to thee.

5. While suffering, enduring, in duty believe,
Forgiving, if any my spirit should grieve;
Remembering at all times to watch and to pray,
And set out anew and begin every day.

6. My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth and no rust will ever corrupt,
Where no thief or robber will venture or dare,
My heart and my treasure I want should be there.

7. My faith and my hope, and my love and my zeal,
I want them deep rooted within for to feel;
My light I want clear, that beholders may see
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

8. My union I want with the Father and Son,
I want that perfected which grace has begun,
With love and sweet union that sooths every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

9. Come love and sweet union, to thee do I call,
I want to feel more love, yea more love to all;
O come my beloved, come hasten to me,
And fill up my vessel! full as it can be.

10. Come brethren and sisters, both aged and youth.

And all who are willing to walk in the truth;
Come fill up your vessels with union and love,
Then on our blest journey we'll joyfully move.

11. When time is no more, from earth we'll remove
To dwell in the region of pure light and love,
With Jesus our Savior, and all holy men,
We'll sing hallelujah forever, Amen.

HYMN 33. P. M.

THIS morning most sweetly the gales are all blowing,
Directly the breeze is from Mount Calvary,
The sepulchre is open, the odors are flowing;
Breathe gently, sweet zephyrs, breathe gently on me!
On this lovely morning the Savior was rising,
The chains of mortality fully despising,
His sufferings are over, he's done agonizing—
This morning my Savior will think upon me.

2. And now to the place that's appointed for praying,
For worship that's social, I'll quickly repair;
In service so pleasing, there needs no delaying,
The stone is roll'd back, and my Lord will be there:
Rouse quickly, my soul, shake off thy dull slumbers,
In melody raise all your heavenly numbers,
For Jesus is pleas'd, when re-counting his members,
He finds you like Mary thus early at prayer.

3. With faith in full action, we meet at the chapel,
There humbly we ask for a power divine;
Immanuel puts all our souls in a rapture,
And graciously causes his glory to shine;
Our hearts are enliven'd, affections engag'd,
Devotion inspires us, and sinners amaz'd,
Behold with what zeal christians warfare is wag'd,
Against the fell monster and all his designs.

4 Then trusting in Jesus, our head and our leader,
We'll march on to glory without any fear,
Each Sabbath revolving brings one Sabbath nearer
To that blessed morning when he shall appear.
His sign in the east he will soon be displaying,
The nations to judgment will then be all gathering,
Till then we'll adore him, nor ever cease praying,
Till praises unceasing shall call us from prayer.

5. My brethren and friends, may the God of all glory
Protect us, and save us from sin and all harm,
With the Head of the church in full view before us,
We'll show ourselves valiant in every alarm.
Then each soul inspire, O God, with devotion,
Be thou the great object of earnest affection,
And when these dull bodies shall cease from their mo-
Receive us, O Jesus, to thy blessed arms. [tion.

HYMN 34. P. M.

The son of man they did betray.
He was condemn d and led away;
Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
Look on mount Calvary;
Behold him, Lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the Lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.

2. 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain;
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
And laughed at his pain.

3. Now hung between the earth and skies
Behold! in agonies he dies!
O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Come, see his tort'ring pain;
The morning sun withdrew his light,

Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight;
The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood afright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4. Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help, but O there's none,
He treads the wine-press all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood;
In lamentations hear him cry,
"Eloi, lama sabacthani!"
Tho' death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.

5. The Jews and Romans in a band,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
And mocking say "come save the land,
Come, try yourself to flee."
A soldier pierc'd him when he died,
Then healing streams came from his side,
And thus the Lord was crucified,
Stern Justice then was satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me!

6, Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions bowing at his feet,
With loud hosannahs tell;
Though he endur'd exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains;
Ye seraphs raise your loudest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains,
He conquer'd death and hell.

7. 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners on him your guilt was aid,
For you he spilt his blood;
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above, [prove,
That you the length and breadth might
And height and depth and perfect love,
In Christ, your smiling God.

8. All glory be to God on high'
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be given;
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion sing, his grace abounds
I hope to shout eternal rounds
In flaming love, that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heaven.

HYMN 35. P. M.

Awake, O guilty world awake;
Behold the earth's foundation shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you,
His death proclaims to Adam's race,
Free grace, free grace, free grace, free
To all the Jews and Gentiles too. [grace.

2. Come, guilty mortals, come and see
Your Saviour hanging on a tree,
For you all dress'd in purple gore;
His weight of wo did veil the sun,
'Tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done.

That man might live forevermore.

3. Behold the wounded Lamb of God,
Spreading his bleeding hands abroad,
Come, see him yielding up to death,
Behold him in his agonies!
He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields his last expiring breath.

4. He dies, and triumphs over death,
To give the dead immortal breath,
And spread the wonders of his name;
Shout, brethren, shout with cheerful voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 36. P. M.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft may glowing hope expire,
Oft may wearied love retire,
Oft may death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

2. Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
Oft in fancy's wide domain,
Oft may we three meet again.

3 When those burnish d locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine,

Moss doth creep and ivy twine,
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Ere we three shall meet again.

4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasting lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame and power are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 37. L. M.

I've listed in the Holy War
To fight for life and endless joy;
And grace more boundless than the seas,
Is the rich wages I receive.

2. Under my Captain, Jesus Christ,
I now am listed during life,
To fight against the powers of hell,
In favor of Immanuel.

3. My Captain is the great I AM, [stand;
Against whose sword there's none can
But all before his word must fall,
For he has power to conquer all.

4. My great good Captain, mild and meek
Most kindly favors all the weak;
His servants all are chosen peers,
And all his soldiers volunteers.

5. From day to day, with living bread,
And rich provisions, I am fed, [stores,
Drawn from my Captain's well fill'd

On blessed Canaan's happy shores.

6. Arm'd with my helmet, sword and shield,
I'll never quit the glorious field,
For Christ my Lord the victory won,
Then, O my soul, put courage on.

7. I'm listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;
Though battles rage and wars increase,
Soon I shall reach a land of peace.

8. I'll God adore, obey his laws,
Nor coward prove in his good cause;
But in his service firm abide,
Still fighting on Immanuel's side.

9, I've fought through many battles sore
And ready stand to fight through more,
Trusting in Jesus's sacred name,
None in this holy war are slain.

10. I have a sword, which, when I wield,
The stoutest foes must quit the field;
The word of God must e'er prevail
Eternal truth can never fail.

10. Come, sinners, then enlisted be.
And Christ our King shall make you free,
Come, try his service, trust the Lord,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 38. S. M.

How can I vent my grief?
My comforter is fled!
By day I sigh without relief,

And groan upon my bed.

2. I once enjoyed my Lord ;
Liv'd happy in his love ;
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3. This world I did despise,
With all its gaudy show ;
Thro' faith in Christ turn'd off my eyes
From vanities below.

4. I then could praise the Lord,
For his redeeming love,
I knew his grace did peace afford,
For I that peace did prove.

5. But O ! alas, my soul,
Where is thy comfort now ?
Why did I let my love grow cold ;
Ah why to idols bow ?

6. How little did I think,
When first I did begin
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.

7. I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear ;
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.

8. My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say;

Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.
9. I feel asham'd to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry,
I stand, or keep my seat.
10. My soul! this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God;
Or sink to hell at last.
11. Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.
12. I'll mortify my pride;
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

HYMN 39. P. M.

Stop, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you further go,
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.
Then be entreated now to stop,

For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.

2. Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgment will proclaim!
When the earth shall melt away,
Like flax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance cry aloud,
And what will you reply?

4. Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5. But as yet there is a hope,

You may his mercy know ;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
It was for sinners Jesus died ;
Sinners he invites to come ;
None that come shall be denied,
He says there still is room.
For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.

HYMN 40. P. M.

The gospel ship is sailing by,
The ark of safety now is nigh,
O sinners, unto Jesus fly,
Improve your day of grace;
O there'll be glory, glory, O hallelujah,
O there'll be glory,
When we the Lord embrace.

2. Come, fathers, will you go with me?
Come, mothers, will you go with me?
Eternity you soon must see,
O ha te, prepare to die;
O there'll be glory, &c.
When saints shall reign on high.

3. Come, brothers, will you go with me?
Come, neighbors, will you go with me?
Come, sisters, will you go with me?
And flee from wrath to come.
O there'll be glory, &c.
When all the saints get home.

4. The judgment day is rolling on,

The glass of life will soon be run,
Creation with her fiery doom,
The Lord will soon appear!
O there'll be glory, &c.
When saints shall view him near.

5. Now hark! the trumpet rends the skies,
See slumbering millions wake and rise!
What joy, what terror and surprise!
The last great day is come!
O there'll be glory, &c.
Around the judgment throne.

6. See nations throng his awful bar;
Both saints and sinners from afar,
All tribes and kindred now appear,
And wait to hear their doom!
O there'll be glory, &c.
When Christ the Lord shall come.

7. Jehovah now the book unseals!
The clearest light each heart reveals!
The pointed truth each conscience feels!
The amazing throng divide!
O there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there'll be mourning,
When justice shall decide.

8. See parents and their children part!
See husbands and their wives must part!
See brothers and their sisters part!
To meet again no more;
O there'll be mourning, &c.

The day of mercy's o'er.

9. Now all the ungodly must retire,
They're doom d to dwell in quenchless fire,
The gnawing worm will ne'er expire,
Their anguish ne'er will cease;
O there'll be mourning &c.
The forfeiture of grace.

10. See heaven display her pearly gates,
That kingdom for the righteous waits,
Come, b essed ch ldren, take your seats,
Of old prepar'd for you;
O there'll be glory &c.
When we Mount Zion view.

11. See Jesus and his saints unite,
And move to realms of endless light,
With him his bride shall walk in white,
In innocence and love;
O there ll be glory. &c.
And sweetest songs above.

HYMN 41. C. M.

Sweet are the gifts which gracious heaven
On true believers pours,
But the best gifts are grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

2, Dear Jesus! what rich drops of grace
Descend in copious showers,
When ruin d sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him ours.

3. Differ we may, in age and state,
Learning and mental powers;
Yet all the saints may join to sing,
Dear Jesus, thou art ours.

4. Let those who know our Savior not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We glory in our better lot,
That Jesus Christ is ours.

5. When hope, with elevated flight,
Toward heaven in rapture towers,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
We know that Christ is ours.

6. When providence, with dark'ning sky,
On things terr strial lowers,
We rise superior to the gloom,
While singing Christ is ours.

7. Time, which this world, with all its joys
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.

8. Haste, then, dull time, and terminate
Thy slow revolving hours,
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heaven to call him ours.

HYMN 42. P. M.

Nay, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2. Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name,
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.

3. Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold ;
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4. Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5. Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen :
Yet I've been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou ?

6. Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

7. No, I must maintain my hold.
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 43. P. M.

Ye Jewels of my master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Admit the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze ;

Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2. Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lillies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at a humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.

3. When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll;
And gems immortal glowing,
With such enliv'ning grace,
I view'd the Savior's image,
Impress'd on every face.

4. Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind:
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5. Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumbrous clay ;
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6. On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound,
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo ! you're redeem'd forever
From death's corrupted bands.

7. As Aaron with his girdle
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast ;
So will the priest of Zion,
Before his father's throne
Present the heirs of glory,
And God their kindred own.

8, The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;

In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand
Safe on the Rock of Ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

9. We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound :
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 44. P. M.

Burst ye emerald gates and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the extatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian :
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sons of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.
O how good it is for us to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is.

2. Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him :
Myriads with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him :
Angelic trumps resound his fame ;

Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name ;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3. Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station ;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation ;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy ! holy ! holy One.

4. Hark ! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks to seize us ;
Join we too the holy lays,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

HYMN 45. P. M.

The voice of Free Grace
Cries escape to the mountain,
For adam's lost race
Christ hath open'd a fountain,
For sin and transgression
And ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of ablution.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath purchas'd our pardon,
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.

2. That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side
Flows plenteous redemption ;
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely ;
O come to this fountain.

3. Blest Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious;
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

3. When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore ;
We'll range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
Forever and ever.

HYMN 46. P. M.

Almighty love inspire
My soul with sacred fire,
And animate desire
My soul to renew ;
I love my blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And symphony increases,
Above the etherial blue.
And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
For glory is his own,
Yes you may give him glory,
And I will give him glory,
We'll shout and give him glory
When we arrive at home.

2. My tender hearted Jesus,
Thy love my soul amazes,—
Thou diedst for to save us,
When lost and undone,
No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus's alone.

3. In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeemed,
My soul which was dead ;

And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favor,
And hope with him forever,
The golden streets to tread.

4. Yet here awhile I stay,
In hopes of that glad day
When I a m called away,
To the mansions above ;
There to enjoy the treasure,
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujahs of love.

5. In hopes of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflict ceases,
To him my love increases,
To worship and adore.
Come then, my blessed Saviour,
Vouchsafe to me thy favor,
To dwell with thee forever,
When time shall be no more.

6. Then in the blooming garden
Of Eden gain'd by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship the Lamb ;
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

7. See yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before me,
And there we'll tell the story
Of all redeeming love;
And there we shall forever
Drink of the flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne of love.

O there we'll give thee glory,
O there we'll give thee glory,
O there we'll give thee glory,
And sing the song of love,
And you may give him glory &c.

HYMN 47. L. M.

Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2. Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star bids darkness flee.

4. Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend

On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5. Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6. Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7. His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 48. P. M.

O thou in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2. Where dost thou at noon-tide
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love!
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3. O why should I wander
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread,
Thy foes will rejoice
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4. Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents
My beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

5. This is my beloved,
His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6. The roses of Sharon,
The lilies that grow
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty
Of excellence blow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7. His voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death,
The cedars of Lebanon

Bow at his feet,
The air is perfum'd with his breath.
8. His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation
The gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
9. Love sits in his eyelids,
And scatters delight
Thro' all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim
Veil in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.
10 He looks and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN 49. P. M.

Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease,
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and prince of peace.
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree ;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap ;
Undismay'd by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3. Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth,
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour ;
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here .
Nothing, Lord, we know, can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near;
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us, and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5. Hear the prince of your salvation,
Saying, fear not, little flock ;
I myself am your foundation,
You are built upon this rock :
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Scale the mount although it's steep,

Look to me, and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep.

7. Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our souls inflame:
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear your way before you.
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 50. P. M.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in.

2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,

On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid it all adieu,
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5. O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

HYMN 51. P. M.

HOSANNAH to Jesus, I'm fill'd with his praises:
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing;
No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
It gives joy and gladness, and comfort within.
Hosannah, hosannah, hosannah we'll raise,
Hosannah, hallelujah to the Lamb for free grace.

2. Hosannah is ringing, O how I love singing,
There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name:
The angels in glory repeat the glad story,
Of Jesus's love which is made known to men.

3. Hosannah to Jesus, who died to save us,
I'll serve him and love him wherever I go:
He's now gone to heaven, the spirit is given,
To quicken and comfort his children below.

4. Hosannah forever, his grace, like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land,
His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,
And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.

5 Hosannah to Jesus, my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners falling and crying to God;
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,
They've found peace and pardon in Jesus' blood.

6. Hosannah is ringing, O how they are singing,
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love;
The sound goes to heaven, the spirit is given,
It rolls through my soul frnm the mansions above.

7. Hosannah to Jesus, my soul feels him precious.
In sweet streams of glory, he comes from above;
My heart is now glowing, I feel his blood flowing,
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.

8. Hosannah is ringing, the saints they are singing
And marching to glory in bright royal bands;
Come on, my dear brethren, let's all go to heaven,
For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.

9. Hosannah to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises:
I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,
And with him in glory eternally shine.

HYMN 52. P. M.

HAIL! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guide the bright angels attend.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Shine on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle, the dew drops are shining,

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!
Brightest and best, &c.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Brightest and best, &c.

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Brightest and best, &c.

HYMN 53. P. M.

THE pure testimony, put forth in the spirit,
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they are condemn'd by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2. Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd
Into the one spirit of God?
Baptiz'd by one spirit into the same body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood,
They drink in one spirit, which makes them all see
They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3. Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again;
Then come ye from Babylon, Egypt and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain.
Then wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the spirit through Jesus's name,
In pure testimony you will overcome.

4. The world will not persecute those that are like
But hold them the same as their own: [them.

The pure testimony cries out separation,
That causes your lives to lay down.
Come out from foul spirits and practices too,
The track of your Saviour keep still in your view,
The pure testimony will cut the way through.

5. The great prince of darkness is mustering his forces.
To make you his pris'ners again,
By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecution,
That you in his cause may remain.
Then shun his temptations, wherever they lie,
And fear not his servants, whatever they say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

HYMN 54. P. M.

O how charming, O how charming
Is the radiant band
Of music, music, music, music!
O how charming is the radiant band
Of music playing through the air;
The church triumphant give the tone;
While they surround the holy throne,
In glory with celestial arts,
Angelic armies tune their harps,
And raptured cherubs play their parts,
Strike their highest notes at our Redeemer's birth.

2. Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brings the joyful news;
O joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful!
Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth;
The great Messiah is come to earth,
And now behold the glorious throng,
Who thus begin the holy song,
Glory to God, rescund his fame,
Goed will to men, aloud proclaim,
The Saviour's born in Bethlehem,
Shout, shout, shout, the great Messiah's born to day

3. See his star arising, see his star arising
In the eastern sky,
Now rising, rising, rising, rising:
See his star arising in the eastern sky

The day spring opening from on high,
The types and shadows flee away,
The law of Moses must decay,
For now begins the gospel day;
Ye saints rejoice, give thanks and pray,
And sing a sweet harmonious lay, [day.
Shout, shout, shout, the great Redeemer's born to-

4. Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
Glory be to God.
O glory, glory, glory, glory!
Wise men have found him by the rising star,
And come to worship from afar,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent,
And joyfully the Saviour greet,
And bow and worship at his feet,
And taste his love divinely sweet;
Shout, shout, shout, the King of glory's born to-day.

5. Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
Praise the infant King,
O praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him!
Jews and Gentiles praise the infant King,
And loud hosannah sweetly sing.
With Gabriel and the shining host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
While seraphs tune their golden lyres,
Ye saints unite and join the choirs,
This glorious theme the world inspires,
Shout aloud, the King of kings is born to-day.

6. I am happy, I am happy,
Glory be to God.
I'm happy, happy, happy, happy,
I am happy in his love,
It fires my soul for realms above;
O let thy servant now depart,
With full salvation in his heart,
My eyes have seen a gospel day,
Soon I shall leave this mortal clay,
And soar from earth to heaven away,
Shout, shout, shout, arise my soul, like Noah's dove.

HYMN 55. P. M.

Come and taste along with me,
Consolation running free,
From my Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey comb.

I'll praise God, and you'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God together;
I'll praise the Lord for the work that he
has done,
And we'll bless his name forever.

2. Why should Christians feast alone?
Two are better far than one;
The more that come with free good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.

3. Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more,
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4. Goodness, running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem!
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5. Saints in glory sing aloud,
For to see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

6. Heaven here and heaven there,
Comforts flowing every where;
This I boldly can attest,
That my soul has got a taste.

7. Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume;
Gleaning manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

8. O return ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face;
Hark! he calls backsliders home;
Then from him no longer roam.

HYMN 56. P. M.

O may I worthy prove to see
O halle hallelujah,
The saints in full prosperity;
O halle hallelujah,
Sweet heaven, sweet heaven!
Dear Lord, when shall I get to heaven?

2. To see the bright, the glittering bride
Close seated by her Saviour's side.

3. O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;

4. A servant as before I've been,
And sing salvation to my King.

5. I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly.

6. Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

7. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death;

8. I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

9. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come.
10. Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
11. I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath ;
12. And then my happy soul shall tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
13. I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground ;
14. Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.
15. When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
16. This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
17. Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
18. My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 57. P. M.

Through tribulations deep,
The way to glory is ;
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas,
By waves and wind I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace, & bound for heav'n,
2. Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,

And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in,
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3. When I in my distress,
My anchor, hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4. If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug and toil and strive.
Thro' storms and calm for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5. But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

6. Hid by the clouds from sight
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star;
Sometimes for days and weeks, or more
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7. As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, faith, I take,

To view my Christ, my sun,
If he the clouds should break:
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8. The bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know,
I cannot with it part
It rocks and sands doth show;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.

9. I keep aloof from pride,
These rocks I pass with care
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair;
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plumet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove;
My conscience is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.

11. My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer:
As I through all my voyages will
Depend upon my steerman's skill.

12. Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulph pass through.

Which fatal proves to most,
For all this passage go,
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm
If God himself is at the helm.

13. When through the gulph I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
And bring me into port;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe forevermore.

HYMN 58. P. M.

There is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray:
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.

2. My way is full of danger,
But it's the path that leads to God;
Then like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breast-plate and my shield,
And fight the hosts of satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3. I m on my way to Canaan,
St.ll guided by my Saviour's hand;
O come along, dear sinner,

And see Immanuel's happy land,
To all that stay behind me
I bid a long, a long farewell!
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell!

4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before I
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there?
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair.

5. The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand behind me
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's waves.
His word has calm'd the ocean;
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O may this friend be with me
When thro' the gates of death I sail.

6. Then come, thou king of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low;
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow;
Now christians I must leave you
A few more days to suffer here;
Through grace I soon shall meet you,
My soul exults, I'm almost there.

7. But O the thoughtless company

That crowds the road that leads to wo;
For them I'm fill'd with sympathy,
I soon must bid them all adieu!
O sinners, must I leave you!
No more to join your social band,
No more to stand before you,
Till at the judgment seat we stand!

8. Soon the arch-angel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll;
There I shall see my Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

HYMN 59. P. M.

Jesus to every willing mind,
Opens a heavenly treasure,
In him the sons of sorrow find
Sources of real pleasure;
See what employments men pursue;
Then you will own my words are true,
Jesus alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

2. Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory:
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story:
Luxury leaves a sting behind,

Wounding the body and the mind;
Only in Jesus can we find
Pleasure and solid glory.

4. Learning, that boasting, glittering thing
Scarcely is worth possessing:
Riches, forever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing:
Fame, like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4. Beauty, with all its gaudy show,
Is but a painted bubble;
Short are the triumphs wit bestows,
Full of deceit and trouble;
Sensual pleasures swell desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire;
Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

HYMN 60. L. M.

Young people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.

2. I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3. He spake at once my sins forgiv'n,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace and heav'n
And thus I found the heavenly way.

4. And now with trembling sense I view
The billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

5. Youth like the spring will soon be gone
By fleeting time or conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.

6. Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

7. Ye heedless ones who wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll
In solmemn darkness round your head.

8. Your friends will pass the lonesome place.
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

9. Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.

10. Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

11. Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse:
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.

12. Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 61. L. M.

We've found the rock, the travellers cried,
Halle hallelujah,
The stone that all the prophets tried,
Halle hallelujah,
Come, children, drink, the balmy dew,
Hal e hallelujah,
'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you,
O glory hallelujah,
O glory, glory, glory hallelujah,
O glory, glory, glory hallelujah.

2. This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ s most precious blood.

3. O hearken children! Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;

I'm glad I ever saw the day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.

4. There's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourner, feel the current roll;
Welcome, dear friends, 'tis known to night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

5. And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no light but open day!
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

6. We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7. His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to heavenly day;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 62. C. M.

We're met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come, let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's name proclaim
With cheerful heart and voice.

2. But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly dove,
His graces to diffuse around,
And warm our hearts with love.

3. In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4. A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A Palace proves a hell.

5. Then O, dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile,
Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6. That at the close each one may say,
We met not here in vain,
For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain.

HYMN 63. C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It smooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3. Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd

With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end.
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 64. P. M.

What hath the world to equal this,
The solid peace, the heavenly bliss,
The joys immortal, love divine,
The love of Jesus ever mine:
Greater joys I'm born to know,
From terrestrial to celestial,
When I up to Jesus go.

2. When I shall leave this house of clay,
Glorious angels shall convey;
Upon their golden wings shall I
Be wafted far above the sky;
There behold him free from harm;
Beauties vernal, spring eternal,
In my lovely Jesus' arms.

3. There in sweet silent raptures wait,
Till the saint's number is complete,
Till the last trump of God shall sound,
Break up the graves, and tear the ground,
There descending with the Lamb,
Every spirit shall inherit
Bodies of eternal frame.

4. O tiresome world, when will it end,
When shall I see my heavenly Friend;
When will my lovely Jesus come,
And take his weary pilgrims home!
When shall I meet him in the sky,
There adore him, fall before him,
And holy, holy, holy cry.

HYMN 65. S. M.

Ye fearful saints march on,
It is the Lord's command,
Never let trifles stop your way
To Canaan's promis'd land.

2. Though numerous foes arise,
And hell your course withstand,
Still force your passage through them all
To Canaan's promis'd land.

3. Keep on a forward pace,
And never, never stand,
Till you behold your Saviour's face
In Canaan's promis'd land.

4. Cast not a wishful eye
Towards your native strand,
Like Lot's frail wife, but onward press
To Canaan's promis'd land.

5. Mind not th' alluring wiles,
Prepar'd by Satan's band,
To draw you from the narrow path
Which leads to Canaan's land.

6. The scripture is your rule,
By it you fall or stand;
Walk in the way which it points out
To Canaan's promis'd land.

7. Then shall you join above,
With all the ransom'd band,
To celebrate redeeming love
In Canaan's promis'd land.

HYMN 66. P. M.

To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2. The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream:
It is not at our own command,
But still deriv'd from him.

3. Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,

"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never may.

4. Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5. Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

6. In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from the throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 67. P. M.

Lord dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives be found.
May thy presence, may thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN 68. P. M.

Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but need not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.
Forward then with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your father calls, come home.

2. Though in the way a thousand
Lay to take us unawares, [snares
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your father calls, come home.

3. But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes we have within.
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,

Christ shall also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your father calls, come home.

HYMN 69. P. M.

Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show ;
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2. Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's fervent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal ;
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3. Job's submission may I show,
David's pure devotion know,
Samuel's call, O ! may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share ;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new born soul inspire.

4. Mine be Jacob's wrestling pray'r,
Gideon's valiant, steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abraham's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5. Most of all may I pursue
The example Jesus drew;
In my life, and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below;
Day by day through grace restor'd
Imitate my perfect Lord.

HYMN 70. P. M.

O ZION afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save,
Surrounded with troubles, with terror dismay'd,
With toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd,
Loud roaring the billows, now nigh thee o'erwhelm,
But skilful the pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power shall defend
Till he, all victorious, thy warfare shall end.

2. O fearful, O faithless, in mercy he cries,
What though high the surges to affright thee arise;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tossings and tempests I'll bring thee to land.
Forget thee I will not, I care for thy name,
Engrav'd on my heart, it shall ever remain;
The palms of my hands, when I look on, I see,
The wounds I received, when I suffer'd for thee

3. The fearful, the faithless, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer,
Thro' great tribulation my people I bring,
And when they reach heaven, the louder they'll sing.
I feel at my heart, all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most nigh me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy afflictions, though great is thy pain,
They all are most needful, not one is in vain.

4. The day of eternal salvation draws near,
When Jesus our leader, shall dry every tear;
Our bodies and souls shall his glory partake,
When the trumpets shall sound and the nations awake.

Fight on, ye old soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd;
The war will be ended, your treasure enlarg'd,
With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may roar.
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

HYMN 71. P. M.

YE sons of the main, ye that sail o'er the flood,
Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd up to God,
Remember the short voyage of life will soon end,
Now come, brother sailor, make Jesus your friend.

2. Look astern on your life, see your wake mark'd with sin,
Look ahead! see what torments you'll soon found-der in;
The hard rocks of death will soon beat on your keel,
Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3. Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God;
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall asleep,
Watch and pray night and day, lest you sink in the deep.

4. Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze is now fair,
Turn your sail to the wind, and those torments you'll clear,
Thy leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view,
You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe through.

5. Renounce your old captain, the devil, straightway,
The crew that you sail with will lead you astray,
Desert their black colours, come under the red
Where Jesus is captain, to conquest be led.

6. His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave thro' the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and near;
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

7. The bounty he'll give when the voyage doth begin
Is justification and freedom from sin;
Good usage he'll give, while we sail on the way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.

8. In the harbor of glory forever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands and dangers and sin's rapid tide;
Waves of death cease to roll, and tempests are o'er;
The hoarse breath of boreas dismasts thee no more.

9. Thy tarpawling jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes of bright glory all shining and fair;
A crown on thy head that would dazzle the sun,
And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 72, P. M.

Bless God, O my soul, rejoice in his name,
And let my glad voice his greatness proclaim—
Surpassing in honor, dominion and might,
Thy throne is the heaven, thy robe is the light.

2. The sky we behold, a curtain display'd,
Thy chambers of heaven on waters are laid,
The clouds are a chariot thy glory to bear,
On wings thou art wafted, thou ridest on air.

3. As rapid as fire, thy angels on high
Convey thy commands, thy ministers fly;
The earth on its basis eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station thy wisdom ordain'd.

4. The world when at first of chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form, and in water enclos'd;
Thy voice, how majestic! in thunder was heard,
The water subsided! the mountains appear'd!

HYMN 73. P. M.

The blessed Jesus, loving Saviour,
He has call'd on me to go;
In the vineyard I must labor,
Or on me must come the wo.
Farewell, dear friends and loving neighbors,
The gospel trumpet I must blow,
And sound salvation to poor sinners,
Or on me must come the wo.

2. Say not four months, then comes the harvest,

The fields are white, the harvest near,
He that reaps receiveth wages,
As from scripture doth appear.
Then for my Jesus I will travel,
O'er mountains high and vallies low;
To seek a bride for my dear Master,
For the word to me is, go.

3. O hark, poor sinner, will you hear me?
Will you have my Christ or no?
To you my errand is directed,
Will you with my Saviour go?
Say, poor sinners, will you hear me?
Will you have my Christ or no?
The blessed Jesus now invites you,
Now he calls on you to go.

4. O come, poor mourners, who feel wounded,
Tho' your sins like mountains rise,
Let your hopes on Christ be founded,
Prepare to meet him in the skies.
If your sins appear like crimson,
He'll wash your souls as white as snow;
O come, dear sinner, to the Saviour,
Come, and feel the pardon flow.

5. O come, backsliders, who have wandered,
Come home, come home to father's house,
Return, ye restless, wand'ring children,
Come home, come home and pay your vows,
For the fatted calf is killed,
All things are ready now I know,

Wine on the lees and well refined,
So farewell wanderers, I must go.

6. Ye little lambs of my Redeem er,
Ye who feed on pastures green,
Follow, follow Christ your leader,
Ever let your light be seen.
Ever mind and love each other,
Shun the path that leads to wo,
And travel on the way together—
So farewell, brethren, I must go.

HYMN 74. P. M.

Hark! brethren, don't you hear the sound?
The martial trumpets now are blowing,
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing,
Bounties offer'd joy and peace
To every soldier this is given,
And when from toil and war we cease
A mansion bright, prepar'd in heaven.

2. Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
All their debts are freely paid,
And they endowed with large possession,
Those that's sick, or blind or lame—
Maladies are also healed,
Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,
Receive a pardon freely seal'd.

3. The battle is not to the strong;
The burden's on the Captain's shoulder,

None so aged or so young
But he may 'list and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

4. Ye need not fear, the cause is good,
Come, who will 'list and be a soldier?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
And shouted victory in the fire,
In this way let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story
How through Christ we've gain'd the crown,
And fought our way thro' grace to glory.

5. The battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the army's now in motion;
Some by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Shout the victory, sing aloud;
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

HYMN 75. P. M.

Bright scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauty round me shines,
Infusing warmest rapture;
I dive in oceans deep and full,
That swell in waves of glory;

I feel my Saviour in my soul,
And long to tell the story.

2. I feast on honey, milk and wine—
I drink perpetual sweetness ;
Mount Zion yields her rich perfumes
While Christ unfolds his greatness.
No mortal tongue can tell my joy,
Nor can an angel show them !
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems !

3. My footsteps trace the pleasant mead
And myrtle fields adorn ;
While groves of spice my noon-day shade
And spreads a richer grandeur.
The chaunt of seraphs lift my soul
Till caught with heavenly fire ;
And dying love to me unfolds,
Which tunes my heart the higher.

4. My captivated spirit flies
Through worlds of shining beauty !
Dissolv'd in love, to heaven I cry
In praises loud and mighty :
I'll here eternal notes employ
In songs of rapturous praises,
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
While all within me gazes !

5. Then earth and sea shall be no more,
And all their glory perish ;
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish.

My joy refin'd shall higher shine—
Mount heaven's radiant glory,
And tell through one eternal day,
Love's all immortal story.

HYMN 76. P. M.

If ever pity mov'd thee,
Thou glorious Son of righteousness,
If ever saints have prov'd thee
A sure relief is sore distress,
O breathe thy loving spirit,
Thyself to me, O Christ, impart,
And bring me to inherit
Thy kingdom form'd within my heart.

2. By sa'an oft deceiv'd
Drawn from the path of righteousness;
Thy spirit oft I've griev'd,
And brought upon me sore distress
But as thy great compassion
Extends to all the fallen race,
In faith, I for salvation, [grace.
Will humbly look through sov'reign

3. Here like repentant Peter,
My tears I shed, I make my moan,
Pity thy faithless creature,
Dear Lord, and break my heart of stone.
Accept of my petition,
Thy pardon to my soul reveal,
Thou great, thou good physician,
Hear, and my wounded spirit heal.

4. All glory to the Saviour,

Who shed for me his precious blood,
I feel I'm in his favor,
That I am his, and he's my God;
And as I've much forgiven,
Much while on earth, O may I love,
And find my way to heaven,
And join the blood-wash'd throng above

5. There through the starry regions,
To sound aloud redeeming grace,
And with celestial legions
To sing of my Creator's praise;
Forever free from sadness,
To sing and shout forevermore,
Where all is joy and gladness,
On that eternal happy shore.

HYMN 77. P. M.

Now begins the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who Jesus' goodness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
While to Canaan on ye move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remov'd,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

4. You, alas! who long have been

Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to a sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foe and ours,
To their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7. Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 78. P. M.

Jesus at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2. Thou art my pilot, wise,
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord;
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3. The rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye ;
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And ev'ry boisterous storm outride.

4. Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5. By faith I see the land—
The port of endless rest ;
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast ;
O may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below
To heaven my destin'd place ;
There in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 79. P. M.

Prayer for a Revival.

Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us Lord a gracious rain :

All will come to desolation,
Unless thou visit us again ;
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest for want of thine assistance
Every plant should droop and die.

2. Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3. Where are those we counted leaders
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth ;
Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud,
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,

Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

5. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 80. P. M.

The Beggar's Prayer.

Encourag'd by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door;
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2. The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain; [ear,
But those which move thy gracious
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3. I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,

When I possessed more,
Thou knowest from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4. Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few;
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I should deserve.

5. Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more;
Thou often hast releiv'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6. Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy;
O do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou can'st bestow.

7. Nor can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me
Their wants and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8. Thy ways, thou only wise,

Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above this earth extend. [hear,
Such pleas as mine men would not
But God receives a beggar's prayer.

HYMN 81. P. M.

The Complainer.

I set myself against the Lord,
Despised his spirit and his word;
And wish'd to take his place;
It vext me so, that I must die,
And perish too, eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2. Of every preacher I'd complain;
One spoke thro' pride and one for gain,
Another's learning small:
One spoke too fast, and one too slow;
One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
Another had no call.

3. Some walk too straight, to make a show,
While others far too crooked go;
And both of these I scorn.
Some odd fantastic motions make;
Some stoop too low, some stand too straight,
No one is faultless born.

4. With no professor I could join;

Some dress'd to mean, and some too fine,
And some would talk too long ; [swift;
Some had a tone, some had no gift,
Some talk'd too slow, and some too
And all of them were wrong.

5 I thought they'd better keep at home
Than to exhort where'er they come,
And tell us of their joys:
They'd better keep their gardens free
From weeds than to examine me,
And vex me with their noise.

6. Kindred and neighbors too are bad,
And no true friend is to be had;
My rulers are too vile.
At length kind heaven gave me to see,
The fault did mostly lie in me,
And had done all the while.

7. Now I can hear a child proclaim
The joyful news, and praise the name
Of Jesus Christ, my King ;
I know no sect—the saints are one—
With my complaints I now have done,
And God's free grace I sing.

HYMN 82. P. M.

Throughout the Saviour's life we trace,
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace,
No period else was seen,

Till he a spotless victim fell,
Tasting in soul a painful hell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

2. On the cold ground methinks I see
My Jesus kneel and pray for me,
For this I him adore:
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their passage out
Through every opening pore.

2. A crown of thorns his temples bore.
His back with lashes all was tore,
This he endur'd for me:
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tear:
Press'd by the heavy tree.

4. Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made all game:
At length his cross they rear,
And can you hear the Son of God
Cry out beneath his heavy load,
Without one thankful tear?

5. Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree:
What tongue his grief can tell?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The morning sun refus'd to shine.
When the Redeemer fell.

6. Shout brethren, shout with songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst:

Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir
And laud the precious Christ.

HYMN 83. P. M.

Destruction's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God
Is known or sought by few.

2. Believers enter in
By Christ the living gate:
But they who will not leave their sin
Complain it is too straight.

3. If self must be denied
And sin forsaken quite,
They'd rather choose the road that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4. Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend,
So many surely can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5. But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
For few were sav'd in Noah's ark
And many millions drown'd.

6. Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ was always small,
And none are safe but they.

7. Lord, open sinners' eyes;
Their awful state to see;

And make them, e'er the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN 84. P. M.

Friends parting.

Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix't in one.
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun;
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stop'd and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour let creation sing,
A Saviour let all heaven ring;
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our souls he pours.
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining them who're gone before
We soon shall meet to part no more.

2. We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd
With Christ to live and die;
Let devils rage and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through,

Let foes unite and friends all fail,
We'll seize the crown in view,
A Saviour let, &c.

3. The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee, God,
A Saviour let, &c.

4. And when thou mak'st thy jewels up
And set'st thy starry crown, [shine,
When all thy sparkling gems shall
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners sav'd by grace,
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.
A Saviour let, &c.

HYMN 85. P. M.

Invitation.

Wandering pilgrims, mourning christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ;
Who endure great tribulation,
Seeking for your souls a rest—
Christ hath sent me to invite you

To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you ;
Come, the rich provision taste.

2. If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you sweet release.
With your hearts believing on him,
Love and serve him all your days ;
Come, O come to Christ and ask him,
He will give you gospel grace.

3. If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
Til the troubled waters move ;
Though no mortal arm can save you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus saith unto you,
Arise, take up your bed and walk.

4. If you will but claim his promise
And forsake your unbelief,
Patient waiting, constant praying,
He will send you sweet relief ;
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied ;
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5. Death shall not impede your comfort,
Christ will guide us thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send a heavenly consort

To convey our spirits home ;
There with him we'll reign in pleasure,
Free from every want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 86. C. M.

In evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2. I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood ;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3. Sure never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look ;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4. My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5. Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain.

6. A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I died that thou may'st live.

7. With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirits now were fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 87. C. M.

The glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

2. The King that bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow ;
The holy city shall bring down
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding conqu'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy ;
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3. The holy bright musician band
Shall tune their harps of gold,
With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold !
Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's name adore ;
Such notes thro' earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before !

4. Let satan rage and boast no more,

Ye fiends of darkness fly ;
Tho' saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh.
He is their shield, their hiding place,
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.

5. The crystal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne,
The floods of strife away are driven,
The church becomes but one,
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love ;
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above !

HYMN 88, P. M.

The old Israelites knew what it was they must do,
If fair Canaan they would possess,
They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light,
Which led on to the promised rest.

2. The camps on the road could not be their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
They all glad of a chance of a further advance,
Must then take up their baggage and go.

3. I am thankful indeed for the heavenly head,
Which before me hath hitherto gone ;
For that pillar of love which doth onward still move,
And doth gather our souls into one.

4. Now the cross-bearing throng are advancing along,
And a closer communion doth flow,
Now all who would stand on the promised land,
Let them take up their crosses and go.

5. The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming red sea;

So none now need to speak of the onions and leeks,
Or talk about garlicks to me.

6. My mind's in pursuit, I must have the good fruit,
Which on Canaan's rich vallies doth grow,
Although millions of foes should rise up and oppose,
I will take up my crosses and go.

7. What tho' some in the rear preach up terror & fear,
And complain of the trials they meet;
Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
I'm resolved I will never retreat.

8. We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall;
But while I see a track I will never give back,
But go on at the risk of my all.

9. Though while scatter'd around in this wilderness
With good manna awhile we've been fed; [ground,
This will not always do, we must rise and go thro'.
Till we feed on the heavenly bread.

10. Now the morning doth dawn for the camps to move
And the priests with their trumpets do blow; [on,
As the priests give the sound, and the trumpets re-
All my soul is exulting to go. [sound,

11. On Jordan's near side I can never abide,
For no place here of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot
Which the Lord God will give unto me.

12. Now 'tis union I seek with the pure and the meek,
So an end to all discord and strife;
Since I have fix'd mine eyes on the heavenly prize,
I will go, at the risk of my life.

13. If I am faithful and true, and my journey pursue,
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see what a blessing to me,
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

14. Since these losses are gain, I will never complain,
But so long as I am able to move,
With the resolute few I'm resolv'd to go through,
Till I reach the fair Canaan above.

15. All my honors and wealth, all my pleasures and
I am willing should now be at stake, [health.
If my Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain
For the sacrifice which I shall make.
16. When I all have forsook, like a bubble 'twill look,
From the midst of a glorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, where each sorrow & pain,
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song.

HYMN 89, P. M.

Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet:
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
O come and let us worship at his feet.
2. O Jesus! for such wonderous condescension,
Our praise and reverence are an offering mete:
Now is the word made flesh that dwells among us,
O come and let us worship at his feet.
3. Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
O come and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN 90. P. M.

Shout aloud, O ye angels,
In glory's bright rays;
Who wait on King Jesus,
His glory to praise.
Ye thousands of thousands,
Ascribing your songs,
To Jesus whom praises
And power belongs.
2. Shout aloud saints in glory,
The Saviour's high praise;
Who on Jesus's glory,
Eternally gaze.

He's worthy of honor,
From all that's above;
For he was your ransom,
With grace, truth and love.

3. Shout aloud, O ye heralds,
Christ makes ye to sound;
Salvation from Jesus,
To sinners around.
Shout glory to Jesus,
And go in his name:
And he by his spirit,
Will make you a flame.

4. Shout aloud to your shepherd,
Who gives you his law;
His foes shall behold him,
And sink down in awe:
Your Saviour will give you
His word for your sword,
And with it you'll conquer,
For Christ is your Lord.

5. Shout aloud, O ye churches,
For Jesus is King;
And hold on rejoicing,
His praises to sing;
Depend on his mercy,
He'll carry you through,
And you may shout glory,
While you're here below.

6. Shout aloud, for in Jesus
Your life shall increase;
His promises are certain,
And you shall have peace;
Your tears shall be wiped,
And soon you shall sing,
In eternal glory,
With Jesus your King.

7. Shout, Jesus is worthy,
He is Zion's bright King;
Ye young men and maidens,
His praises now sing:
O daughters of Zion,
Come sing your sweet song;
Your harps have been hanging
On willows too long.

8. The sun shows his glory,
The moon spreads his praise;
The stars all in order,
Declare his decrees;
The bough and the harvest,
Do show he's the Lord;
For ever declaring
The truth of his word.

9. The thunder while roaring,
Is showing his voice;
And showers descending,
Make vallies rejoice:

The mountains in standing,
Do show forth his power,
And waters are shouting,
From shore unto shore.

10. The birds sing his praises,
Which fly in the air;
The rose and the lilly,
His, beauties declare;
The fish in the ocean,
He makes them all swim,
And leap out of water,
In honor of him.

11. Here's glory and honor,
To Jesus below;
All things here around us,
His power doth show;
He's worthy of honor,
From all things that be,
On earth or in heaven,
And all in the sea.

12. All glory, all glory
To Jesus above;
All glory, all glory
For grace, peace and love;
All glory to Jesus,
My Priest and my King;
All glory and praises,
To Jesus I'll sing.

13. Salvation, dominion,
With power and praise;
Hosanna to Jesus,
For riches of grace:
Hallelujah to Jesus,
I'll shout and I'll sing;
For he is my Refuge,
My Rock and my King.

HYMN 91. L. M.

The Heavenly Schoolmaster.

Come, O my friends, wherever you be,
Come, will you go to school with me;
Christ Jesus is my Master's name,
Come, deaf & dumb, come, blind and lame

CHORUS.

So heart and hand to heaven we will go,
Glory be to God who reigns on high,
Yes, hand in hand to heaven we will go.

2. His school-book is the scripture true,
His lessons are forever new;
His scholars they are all agreed,
It is a blessed school indeed.

3. My master learns the blind to see,
O come ye blind, this school is free;
He also learns the lame to walk,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk.

4. My master learns the deaf to hear,
O come ye deaf and lend an ear
Unto my master's pleasant voice

He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

5. He learns the swearing man to pray,
Come ye profane, without delay,
He'll change your tongue to praise his name,
And spread abroad the masters fame.

6. Come brethren dear who are at school,
Let not the christian play the fool;
'Tis best for all to mind their book,
Who have all sinful ways forsook.

7. When this frail tenement shall die,
Then we shall lay our school-book by;
To reign with master Jesus then,
Glory to God, glory, Amen.

HYMN 92. P. M.

Come, precious souls, and let us take
A walk becoming you and me;
And whither my friend,
Shall we our footsteps bend,
To Calvary or Gethsemane.

2. "O Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis much too hard a task for me;
And I had rather stay
In the broad and pleasant way,
Then to walk in the garden of Gethsemane.

3. "It would not appear such a mountain high
Nor such a task dear sinner for thee,
If you lov'd the man
Who first laid the plan
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.

4. "I'd rather abide in this pleasant place,
My gay and merry friends to see,
And tarry awhile
In the joys of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.

5. "Your gay companions must lie in dust,
Their souls are bound for misery;
And if you ever stand
On Canaan's happy land,
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.

6. "There is no pleasure that I can behold,
And it is a lonely way to me;
For I have heard them say,
There are lions in the way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.

7. "There is a straight and narrow way,
Poor wand'ring souls could you but see;
And you shall have a guard,
Yea, the angels of God,
To conduct you over the mountain Calvary.

8. "I'd rather have peace, and live at my ease,
Than to be afflicted thus by thee;
When blooming youth is gone,
And old age comes on,
I will climb up the mountain Calvary.

9. "There is no better time than youth,
To travel the mountain as you see;
When old age comes on,
You are burdened with sin,
Then how can you climb up Calvary.

10. "O leave this melancholy theme,
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee;
There is time enough yet,
And the journey's not so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

11. "O hark, I hear a doleful sound,
Ye always should alarmed be;
Your blooming youth is gone,
And is laid in the tomb,
Who refused to climb up Calvary.

12. "Alas I know not what to do,
You greatly have alarmed me;
For in sin I've gone on,
Till I fear I'm undone,
Lord help me to climb up Calvary.

13. "O tarry not in all the plain
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee;
But look up to the man
Who was slain for your sin,
And he'll help you to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 93. P. M.

The way to Heaven.

Call'd to a sense of duty,
I would obey the call,
And for the sake of Jesus,
I freely give up all
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride, and gain;
That I in Jesus' kingdom

A mansion may obtain.

2. How often have I struggled,
To hold some foolish sin :
Yet to the heavenly kingdom,
I meant to enter in;
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do,
But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.

3. Let all the world's gay beauty,
With satan's flatt'ring bait ;
With all their pride and grandeur,
Around my soul await ;
The far superior beauty,
Through faith I see ahead;
And I am bent upon it,
This holy way to tread.

4. Come, who will travel with me,
The way that leads to heav'n?
And follow none but Jesus,
The way which he hath giv'n;
And take his word for counsel,
His spirit for a guide ;
And make a full surrender,
Of ev'ry thing beside.

5. Come on my precious brethren,
And travel on with me,
We'll seek for heav'nly treasure,

Until we find the sea
Ofsweet unbounded riches,
Of life, and love, and peace;
Where beauty never withers,
And glory never cease.

6. What, though the world reproach us
And say we're mean and poor;
No matter what we suffer,
If we can reach the shore;
'Twill make the glory sweeter,
And raise the praises higher;
And we shall be completer,
When purified by fire.

HYMN 94. P M.

As pensive I rang'd my soul in devotion,
Withdrew from confusion to a gloomy retreat,
Where silence was reigning and virtue reposing,
In deep solitude I erected my seat:
Behold I retire from my native employment,
O Jesus protect and prevent sad annoyment,
In thee, and thee only, I seek for repose.

2. Farewell my dear parents, the joy of my childhood,
My brothers and sisters, I bid you adieu:
To wander creation, the field and the wild wood,
To call upon sinners their God to pursue [ing,
When driven by rain drops and night shade prevail-
The keen piercing north winds my thin robes assail-
The stars of the twilight in lustre regaling, [ing,
I seek for repose in some cottage unknown.

3. The wild beasts and ravens their shelter discover,
The owls of the desert to covert away
And in their strange echo of midnight resounding,
They seem to upbraid me more wretched than they

The dove when bereft of his mate and a mourning,
Unite in my sighing, lamenting and wandering,
And hearts like steel darts engag'd in their slander-
And seem to rejoice at the tale of my wo. [ing,

4. Yet think me not lost. O ye sons of distraction,
Nor tread on a worm that lies slain at your feet;
The spark all immortal that glows in my bosom.
'Twill outshine the sun in its splendor compiete.
The day of bright glory is fast onward fleeting,
All hail the happy morning, the last glorious meeting,
My soul in new transports exults in repeating;
I shall meet all my friends when old time is no more.

HYMN 95. P. M.

The time soon is coming by the prophets foretold,
When Zion in purity the world will behold,
For Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
Denomination selfishness will vanish away.

2. 'Twill then be discovered who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon the saints then will see,
The line of division then will fully be known,
Between the pure kingdom and defiled Babylon.

3. What beauty the church will then put on the light,
All govern'd by Jesus Christ, who always leads right,
No spot on her countenance in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

4. Led on by the comforter, what sweet will be found,
What peace and what harmony and love will abound,
Losing time, things for Jesus will be counted all joy,
And helping each other a delightsome employ

5. The watchmen lift up their voices then all as one,
East, west, north and southward, to and fro they will run;
In the spirit's pure testimony preach up the cross,
And mystery Babylon must suffer the loss.

6. But O! what a storm of persecution will rage,
In the cause of old Babylon too many engage,
Beholding their loss, and thus beginning to sink,
They'll hope to obstruct the light from spreading, I think.

7. But truth cuts its way, and love will melt down its foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who oppose,
The church stand in purity, perfected in love,
In sight of her enemies she rises above.

8. Let all who wish to see Millennium begin,
Come out and be separate from sinners and sin;
As soon as the churches are redeem'd from all sin,
The time call'd Millennium will surely begin.

HYMN 96. P. M.

To him who did salvation bring,
Wake ev'ry tuneful pow'r and sing,
A song of sweetest praise;
His grace diffuses as the rain,
Crowns nature's flow'ry hills and plains,
And spreads a thousand ways.

2. Salvation is the noblest song,
O may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat amen:
The Lord has come from heaven to earth,
To give his people second birth,
And make us his again.

3. We feel redemption drawing near,
We soon in glory shall appear,
And be forever blest;
The promise never can delay,
Our Jesus now is on his way,
To give his people rest.

4. By faith we see him coming down,
With angels hovering all around,
He smiles upon his saints;
He cries aloud in melting strains,

I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints.

5. His loving millions rise and sing,
All glory, glory to our King,
The grand assize is come;
The everlasting doors fly wide,
The churchall glorious as a bride,
And Jesus takes her home.

6. In all the heavens there's not a tear,
Nor in eternity a fear,
But pleasures yet unknown;
From heav'n to heav'n we sound the bliss,
O! what a glorious heaven is this,
Forever round the throne.

7. The days of heav'n will never end,
All glory to the sinner's friend;
Roll on ye happy scenes;
Ye winged seraphs help us praise,
The ancient of eternal days,
Our Jesus ever reigns.

HYMN 97. P. M.

Like a ship see the church thro' the ocean she rolls,
Well ballast with grace and mann'd out with live souls,
Midst whirlwinds and tempests she sails thro' the world,
While storms and temptation against her are hurl'd.

2. She is bound from the world, thro' the tempests she flies:
She mounts o'er the billows, is bound to the skies;
While Christ stands at the helm no dangers we fear,
Her captain and pilot knows which way to steer.

3. She stops not to anchor in harbors below,

But o'er life's rough billows her true course doth go,
The high lands of heaven she still keeps in view,
Intends there to anchor, and there land her crew.

4. While hell and her legions around her doth roar,
Like the waves of the ocean which break on the shore,
She steers her course onward, nor heeds the alarm,
With Christ in the vessel she smiles at the storm.

5 The ebb tide of nature which feeds the dead sea,
And the gulf of confusion together agree
To hinder her progress, her march to oppose,
She spreads forth her canvass and outsails her foes.

6. She is hated by the world, despised by fools,
Who sail the black sea till they shipwreck their souls,
She kindly invites them their course to bewail,
Yet tarries not for them, but spreads the more sail.

7. She is rapidly sailing with strong gales of love,
And soon will strike soundings on the fair coast above
Make the high lands of Zion and enter the road,
And anchor forever in the kingdom of God.

HYMN 98. P. M.

The gospel trump is sounding,
Free grace to all abounding,
And thousands are surrounding,
The azure throne of God:
My Jesus is inviting,
His spirit does enlighten,
I will no longer slight Him
Who bought me with his blood.

2. He's made complete atonement,
Why should I fear to own it?
I feel this present moment
Resolved to do his will;
For when I had offended,

The law transgress'd he mended,
He died and then ascended,
To save my soul from hell.

3. The promised Messiah,
I feel him drawing nigher,
His goodness I admire.
And will revere his name:
My Saviour hath arisen,
And spoke my sins forgiven,
And I am bound for heaven,
To New Jerusalem.

4. This world I have deserted,
My soul he hath converted,
His love to me imparted,
I feel the holy flame.
My King and my Protector
Doth all my passions capture,
And fires my soul with rapture,
Salvation is my theme.

5. Free grace is now my portion,
I sail upon the ocean.
With love and sweet devotion,
Where Jesus ever reigns;
The breezes blowing clear,
My sails are faith with prayer,
No danger will I fear,
He'll bring me safe to land.

6. The saints are gone before,

To hail me on that shore,
Where parting is no more,
And Jesus ever reigns,
The author of creation,
Shall crown our souls in station,
We'll shout the great salvation,
In hymns of highest strains.

HYMN 99. L. M.

The dying Christian.

Mine eyes are now closing to rest,
My body must soon be remov'd;
And mould'ring lie buried in dust,
No more to be envied or lov'd.

2. Ah; what is it drawing my breath,
And stealing my senses away;
O tell me, my soul, can this be death,
Releasing me kindly from clay?

3. Now mounting, my soul shall descry
The regions of pleasure and love;
My spirit triumphant shall fly,
And dwell with my Saviour above.

4. O happy, thrice happy exchange,
My Saviour, with eyes full of love;
Now beckons me, soon I shall range
To the fields of bright glory above.

5. O break off these fetters of clay,
I long to be free from my load;
Lord Jesus, I mourn thy delay,
Impatient to be with my God.

6. Each moment seems ling'ring and slow
While far from my home I must stay ;
I long for the pleasures that flow
Unceasing in regions of day.

7. No more to be tempted by sins,
No longer by satan be vex'd ;
My conscience is peaceful within,
And is by no passion perplex'd.

8. Now speedily wafted on wing,
This world in a moment to leave ;
O death, where is now thy dread sting?
And where is thy vict'ry, O grave?

9. Rejoice for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily pain.

HYMN 100. P. M.

The people called christians how many things they tell
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels dwell,
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encloses them around,
With its tides still divides them from Canaan's happy ground.

2. Thousands have been impatient to find a passage through,
And with united wisdom have tried what they could do;
But vessels built by human skill have never sailed far,
Till we've found them aground on some dreadful sandy bar.

3. The everlasting gospel has launch'd the deep at last,
Behold her sails extended around the towering masts:
Along the deck in order the joyful sailors stand,
Crying ho! here we go! to Immanuel's happy land.

4. To those who stand spectators what anguish
must ensue,
To see their old companions bid them a last adieu,
The pleasures of your paradise no longer can invite
Here we sail, you may rail, but we'll soon be out o
sight.

5. We are now in the wide ocean, we bid the world
farewell, [can te
And where we shall cast anchor no human tongu
About our future destiny there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide, with our Captain an
his mate.

6. The passengers united, in order, peace and love
The wind's all in our favor, how sweetly do w
move,
Let tempests now assail us, and raging billows roa
We shall sweep through the deep till we reach tha
happy shore.

7. This peaceful port we'll enter, tho' tow'ring bi
lows roar
And join with saints and angels our Savior to ador
The Captain of Salvation will bring us safe to lan
In the gospel ship O glory! to join the heavenly band

HYMN 101. P. M.

As when a weary trav'ler gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, tho' distant still.

2. While he surveys the much lov'd spo
He slights the space that lies between,
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3. Thus when the christian pilgrim view
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,

And wings his speed to reach the skies.

4. The thoughts of home his spirits cheer,
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5. 'Tis here, he ays, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6. Jesus, on thee our hopes depend.
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil upon the road.

HYMN 102. C. M.

Lord! when together here we meet,
And taste the heavenly grace,
The smiles are so di inely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2. Yet, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O let thy precious presence still
With every one remain.

3. T us let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.

4. Where sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall t en forever fly,
And not one thought that we should part,

Once intercept our joy.

5. Whe e, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in seraphic heavenly strains;
Redeeming love admire.

6. And thus through all eternity,
Upon the heavenly sh re,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.

HYMN 103. L. M.

Oft as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul;
Let each one ask himself, am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?

2. Only this frail and fleeting breath;
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3. Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4. But could I bear to hear him say,
"Depart, accursed, far away!
With satan, in the lowest hell,
Thou art forever doom'd to dwell."

5. Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my help alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,

Subdue my sin, and let me live.

6. Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7. Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

HYMN 104. C. M

Come humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts—I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3. Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4. But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my pray'r ;
Yet still, like Esther I will stay,
And perish only there.

5. I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try ;
For if I stay away, I know

I must forever die.
6. But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried;
I there should die (delightful thought!)
Where ne'er a sinner died.

HYMN 105. P. M.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit O quit this mortal fra . e,
Trembling, ho ing, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss o dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2. Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3. The world recedes, it disappears,
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears,
With sounds seraphic ring,
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly,
O grave where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting.

HYMN 106. P. M.

Come all ye weary travellers,
And let us join to sing,
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ our King;

We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, tis true ;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2. At first when Jesus found us,
He call d us unto him ;
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin ;
The world, the flesh and satan,
Will prove a fatal snare.
Unless we do reject them,
By faith and humble prayer.

3. But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness,
Where we might soon have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4. The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy, and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase ;
Confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5. In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on

The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone;
In peace and consolation,
We're going to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people
Forever be our choice.

6. Sinners, why stand ye idle,
While we do march along?
Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong,
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.

7. But if you will refuse us,
We'll bid you all farewell;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go,
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.

8. O sinners, be awaken'd
To see your dismal state,
Repent and be converted,
Before it is too late;
Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word,
And never rest contented,
Until you find the Lord.

9. Now to the King immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We mean to spend our days;
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The celestial world above,
With everlasting praises,
To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 107. P. M.

My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2. The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublu narblissy,
That you must groan and die."

3. My soul attend the solemn call,
Thine earthiy tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4. How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,

On this precarious breath;
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5. Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot,
Alas! an hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6. But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, can ot be;
No, my immortal cannot die;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7. Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down o dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8. A heaven or hell and these alone,
Beyond the present li e are known,
There is no middle space,
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9. O do not pass this as a dream,
Vast s the c. ange, whate'er it seem,

To poor unthinking man ;
Lord at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.

10. If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way
That leads to joys on high;
Thy grac impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
So as I dare not die .

HYMN 108. C M.

Afflictions, th ' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal s career,
And caus d him to repent.

2. Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3. "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I a n starving here.

4. "I ll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be call d his son,
I'll seek a servant s place "

5. His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;

Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6. "Father, I've sinn'd, but O forgive"—
"Enough," the father said,
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7. "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

8. 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home,
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 109. P. M.

Friends of Jesus come and dwell
Awhile with Christ your treasure,
Come and let your bosoms swell
With heaven's enrapt'ring pleasure;
Sinners who with folly side,
Leave your scenes of pleasure,
Come and with your Christ abide,
He's an endless treasure.

2. Sinners come and know awhile
The purest joy of feeling,
Come receive a Saviour's smile,
And prove his power of healing;
He can calm the soul to rest,
Soothe the force of anguish,

Every one is freely blest,
Who for Christ doth languish.

3. Hush'd is every inward fear,
Every sorrow's banished,
Silenced every troubling care,
Every grief is vanished;
Joy supreme within the soul,
Knows no bound to pleasure,
For the heart without control,
Feeds on Christ her treasure.

4. Drink again, my soul, of love,
Enjoy the sweets of feeling,
Dwell on Christ, who reigns above,
And owns the art of healing;
Let the heavenly calm of love
Be thy choicest treasure,
Go, my soul, forevermore,
With Christ in scenes of pleasure.

HYMN 110. P. M.

The gospel's joyful sound
Is music in my ears,
In Jesus I have found
Relief from all my fears,
Darkness to light does now give place,
And all things wear a different face.

2. Since God is reconcil'd,
I fear no dire alarms;
He owns me for his chi'd,
And clasps me in his arms.
Transported with seraphic joy,
I Father, Abba Father, cry.

3. I cannot fear the law,
Its thunders now may roar,
Since I my Saviour saw,
They can affright no more.
On wings of love I mount. I fly
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

4. Death too has lost his sting,
And wears a smiling face ;
I hope to shout and sing,
E'en in his cold embrace;
He'll close my eyes, and shut my ears,
But cannot rou e my guilty fears.

5. When through the flaming sky
I see the Judge descend,
I'll Abba Father cry,
And hail him as my friend.
While standing in the gospel light,
There's nothing can my soul affright.

6. Now let my flowing eyes
Run down with grateful tears,
Since free adopting grace
Has banish'd all my fears ;
And still my sinful self deny,
When I express the heav'n born cry.

7. No more let me return
Beneath the galling yoke,
Or e'er embrace those chains,
Which grace divine has broke.
Let Abba Father be my cry,
In time and in eternity.

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